

[Verse 1: Paris]

On the stretcher, under pressure  
The sensation of the slugs in my body is still fresh in me  
Mama is stressin' me  
In the ambulance readin' me Genesis 1 or 7, I only remembered half of that  
As I blacked out, pa\*\*ed out  
Woke up in general with nurses pullin' my oxygen mask out  
I'm ready to smash out, but I can't walk, can't talk  
Morphine drip, draining my train of thought, distraught  
Weed and Patron to make you get loose  
Ran my mouth to the wrong n\*\*\*as and they let loose  
Let they Tec shoot, Smith and Wess' hit the set, hit with death  
Hit my chest, clipped my breath, then they jet, damn  
And just like menace, my n\*\*\*as visit, revenge intended  
To go to who gave it, and give it  
Give 'em the business, wanna see they brains hang  
Never thought I meant it, that I'd be going through the same thing

[Hook: T-K.A.S.H.]

All I wanna do is feel better  
But the red, white, and blue they got it set up  
So the doctors and the nurses ain't there for us  
Unless they working with the county welfare for us  
Just basketball, alcohol, and jail for us  
And a funky a\*\* mr. access healthcare for us  
In the hood we don't pay no attention  
Cause it's just another way for you to bury us, uh come on

[Verse 2: Paris]

Yeah, it's time to check out, get out, before I leave  
Signed paperwork, paying the cash out  
Prescribing me painkillers and fluids to clean my flesh out  
They told me copay with my provider is the best route  
What the f\*\*k is "copay with my provider" and sh\*t?  
F\*\*k you mean if I don't pay, you ain't supplyin' me sh\*t?  
What the f\*\*k is health coverage? I don't go to work  
"B\*t\*h, I'm in these streets" I'm yellin' up at the clerk, it's nothin'  
Six G's I pulled outta my pocket  
And from a ten-grand hospital bill, they docked it  
No diploma, no employment, no insurance, no benefits  
No medicine, no better than when they let me in

I turn to mama, but mama ain't got a job  
She's smokin' her damn self, that's why I'm up in the mob  
My n\*\*\*as be stackin' money, but n\*\*\*as be actin' funny  
When I call to see what's up on the hundred for my recovery

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[Interlude]

(Phone ringing)

(Yeah) Hello?

(Yeah) Yeah, I'm a boss in the game

(Hmm) Tryin' to get my insurance on

(Get your insurance on?) Get my insurance on

(Phone hangs up)

Hello? Man, this motherf\*\*ker hung up the phone

[Verse 3: Paris]

And I ain't feelin' right  
No prescription, no medication, so I ain't healin' right  
When I walk, I limp and my shoulders is still stiff at night  
Tried to get a job, they tellin' me ninety days  
I be blazed to evade the pain, mental and physical  
Takin' hella aspirin, shakin' hella bad  
When I asked the people up in Walmart about it  
Made me lift my shirt and show 'em the damage, I can't ignore it  
They squirm like mama did, and tell me see a doctor for it  
But I can't afford it  
It cost money and I got it, but I can't report it  
And I got to pay the ambulance, they mailed a notice  
Another thug life side effect, I failed to notice  
This health insurance is some cold sh\*t